A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords, and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnes knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behinde him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole state:
To make that worse, suffred his kinsman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his king) to be ingag'd in Wales,
There without ransome to lie forfeited,
Disgrac't me in my happie victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vnkle from the counsell boord,
In rage dismisd my father from the Court,
Broke othe on othe, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This head of safetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answere to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter. Wee'le withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shall mine vnkle
Bring him our purposes, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Mighel.

Arch. Hie, good sir Mighel, beare this sealed briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my cosen Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good sir Mighell, is a day,
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truely giuen to vnderstand,
The king with mighty and quicke raised power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: And I feare, sir Mighell,
What with the sickenesse of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,